The Saturday Evening Post.

VOL. IV.—No. 3. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 15, 1825. WHOLE No. 191.

TERMS—$2 00 per annum, if paid in advance, $2 50 at the end of six months, and $3 00 if not paid within the year.

Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, No. 53 Market street, four doors below Second street.

ADVERTISEMENTS, not exceeding a square, inserted three times for $1—larger ones in proportion—a liberal deduction made to subscribers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WINTER.

See!—now stern Winter comes with rigid moan,
Fiercely riding on his sparry throne,
Bidding fair Nature's vernal joys retire,
And sink beneath his all-subduing ire;
Yet, ruleless Monarch! cheerless as thou art,
Thou yield'st a lesson to the sensual heart;
That all must bow, thy earnestness reveals,
For every heart thy sov'reign influence feels.

Then let us view thee now, while reason sways,
Thou whose firm mandate even life obeys,
For in thy lurid aspect man is taught to see
A faded emblem of what *he* soon must be,
When envious death shall bid frail scenes decay,
And senseless dust go cleave to kindred clay.

Yes—thou blight'st fair Creation's bloom,
And bid'st us all prepare to meet that doom.
When sinks the heart beneath thy chilling blast,
Which soon consigns us to oblivion's waste.

Deep hour of dread!—'tis thus we stand,
Unconscious when death's stern command,
May bid us perish 'neath his mighty power,
Thus destin'd fall in Winter's faded hour.

Then what is life?—its transitory joys?—
Nought but a gem that certain fate destroys;
'Tis like a dew-drop glittering on the spray,
Which by the breeze is heedless borne away,
While scarce a vestige there remains to tell,
From whence the frail, the trembling treasure fell.
Thus short, alas! is life's propitious scene—
E'en fleeting ages seem a lengthen'd dream;
Too soon its brightest, vernal beauties fade!
A transient season, and to waste is laid,
That mortal form—that form which Nature gave,
Beyond the noblest arm of man to save.

Yet smooth'd must be thy keenest pangs, O death!
Calm must the bosom yield its parting breath,
When resignation o'er the feelings rags,
And sweetly eases life's expiring pain—
When sinks the soul on thy sussusive breast,
Which soars to bliss, to meek, celestial rest:
Oh! yes—thy whispering accents speak of heaven—
Of tranquil peace—of follies past, forgiven—
And joyful bids the soul immortal rise,
To join its kindred spirits in the skies. ELLEN.

LINES

On taking an evening walk round the Washington Square.

On yonder cold and leafless trees,
The orb of night is sweetly shining,
And thro' their limbs the fitful breeze,
Now murmurs soft—now seems repining;
Those trees in gloomy sadness wave,
For they grow over many a grave!

There, those who once our city fill'd
Have long since found a cheerless dwelling,
There hearts have long by death been chill'd,
Which once with life's swift tide were swelling,
And there are blended friends and foes,
Together in one sad repose.

And thus it is! In this dark life
Man persecutes his friend and brother,
Nor ceases the unholy strife
Until death does his passions smother;
In peace we meet not, 'till alas!
We mingle in one common mass!

'Tis said that Patriotism here
Will rear a monument of glory,
To him whose memory is most dear,
Who rais'd his country high in story:
'Tis due—but let not gratitude
On *sleeping dust* its arch intrude.

How many, ere this year rolls round,
Who now of nought but joy are dreaming,
Will sleep beneath the cold, cold ground,
And o'er their graves you moon be beaming;
How much of youth, and beauty too,
Will slumber 'neath the midnight dew!

We think not—pause not—herd not, tho'
Each hour some youthful graces rifles;
Our hearts are fix'd on things below—
On life's debasing toys and trifles:
Until death comes, and then we find,
Those toys were light as summer wind.

And yet, methinks, I'll hail the hour,
When death with solemn step approaches;
With joy I'll hail that dreaded power,
Whose fatal scythe on life encroaches,
And in him see the best of friends,
Whose presence many a sorrow ends.

Four lustres scarce have o'er me roll'd,
And yet life's burden sadly presses;
Life seems a weary tale, 'thrice told'—
Its promis'd joy no longer blesses:
The future bears no promise here—
The past but prompts the sorrowing tear.

She who, in boyhood's happy day,
With kind, maternal smiles caress'd me—
Who chas'd each childish pain away,
Each pain which e'en in thought distress'd me,
My mother dear, lies cold in earth,
And with her fled all joy and mirth.

Life must be borne, tho' sad its load,
Tho' we from earth would fain be starting,
The soul must dwell in its abode,
'Till HE above decree its parting!
And then how light it wings its way,
Freed from its tenement of clay!

Oh! let each breast, while swelling high
With life, abjure its faults and errors,
That when the hour of death draws nigh,
That last sad hour may bear no terrors;
For man let each heart throb with love—
'Tis offering meet to God above.

What tho' we soon shall sleep in death,
With millions who have gone before us!
Who'd not resign this fever'sh breath,
When JESU's promise hovers o'er us!
Oh! let that promise dry our tears,
And banish all desponding fears. FRANCIS.

An Old Soldier's Thoughts on seeing La Fayette.

I knew him by the smile that shone,
And glisten'd in his dark blue eye;
I knew he was a fav'rite son,
I knew in Freedom's cause he'd die:
But 'tis enough to know—forget
I never will the brave Fayette.

I saw him oft upon the plain,
And view'd him in his strength and might;
I saw him soothe the dying slain;
I saw him foremost in the fight!
And shall I e'er the brave forget,
Or lose my knowledge of Fayette?

I fought with him at Brandywine,
And saw the day the patriot won;
I bound his wound—oh! 'twas divine
To hear him shout, "On! Freemen, on!"
And can I such a man forget?
No!—memory serves me still, Fayette.

I saw him on the rampart's height,
When cannons pierc'd the wounded air,
I saw him cheer the brave in fight,
When patriotism vanquished care;
And shall I now, tho' age beset,
No longer think of La Fayette!

No!—rather let my aching frame
Crumble to dust—to vultures given,
Than be it said that hallow'd name,
Was from a soldier's mem'ry driven!
I never will the man forget,
Who fought so bravely as Fayette.

I saw him 'mid the battle's rage,
When clouds of anguish hover'd o'er;
I saw him weep o'er youth and age,
While weltering in their crimson gore;
And can I now that time forget,
When 'mongst the wounded lay Fayette!

I saw him smile, and face the foe,
Unsheath the sword, receive the scar;
For he was brave—he did not know,
Nor own the dangers of the war;
And shall an aged man forget,
The noble Patriot, La Fayette!

I saw him mount the battle steed,
And o'er the field exulting fly;
It seem'd to me it were decreed,
The gallant hero ne'er should die:
Where is there one who can forget
The val'rous deeds of La Fayette!

I saw him in the hall of state,
Beside Columbia's greatest son,
While Liberty, with pride elate,
Perch'd on the valiant *Washington*!
And could I now that hour forget,
When *thus* I saw the brave Fayette?

I saw him, after lapse of time,
When many a year had roll'd around,
Not still he seem'd in health and prime,
As when I first the hero found;
And shall I now the hours regret
When oft I fought beside Fayette!

But thanks to those who'e'er us rule,
Ingratitude no longer lives;
The only great republic school,
A nation's bounty freely gives:
Then let us die e'er we forget
The debt we owe the brave Fayette. L. D.

THE MORALIST.

VIRTUE.—A SKETCH.

"The only amarantine flower on earth is virtue;
The only lasting treasure, truth."

When the amiable and accomplished lady Jane Grey was confined in the tower, previous to her execution, she wrote to her friend Dr. Ascham a letter containing the following beautiful passage: "There is an eternity for all that belongs to virtue, and what we have done for her will advance even to the sea, however small the rivulet may have been during our life."

How expressively true! the pure and unsullied stream of virtue will ever meander through life's chequered course to the boundless ocean of eternity and happiness. Cynthia may reflect her borrowed light—the sun may revolve in his diurnal rotation, and his satellites irradiate our world with their splendor—yet the season will arrive when the voice that called Chaos into symmetrical existence, will consign these created luminaries into the abyss of their former darkness and oblivion. But virtue will live beyond the shades of the tomb—she will soar beyond the bounds of creation, and be hallowed by the holy seraphim.

Without virtue no man can be truly happy. There is no temporal pursuit, no pleasurable avocation in life unaccompanied by vicissitudes and disappointments. Every idle pleasure has its consequent sorrow. The foundation of actual happiness cannot be laid in a heart that engenders vice and immorality. Its basis is a good conscience; and a pure conscience is the infallible concomitant of virtue and religion alone. The wine cup that exhilarates the senses for a short lived moment, not only brings the melancholy reflections of a cooler judgment—but when indulged in licentiousness, it is the bane of every valuable and social blessing that belongs to the sanctity of character. Vice in every shape is illusory and pernicious; virtue is the only amaranth. It is a gem that never ceases to sparkle—it is an attribute amiable to man, and sacred to God.

IDLENESS—*From Jeremy Taylor.*

"God hath given every man work enough to do, that there may be no room for idleness; and yet hath so ordered the world, that there shall be space for devotion. He that hath the fewest businesses of the world, is called upon to spend more time in the dressing of his soul; and he that hath the most affairs, may so order them, that they shall be a service to God; whilst at certain periods, they are blessed with prayers and actions of religion, and all day long hallowed by a holy intention.

"However, so long as idleness is quite shut out from our lives, all the sins of wantonness, softness and effeminacy, are perverted, and there is but little room left for temptation; therefore, to a busy man, temptation is fain to climb up together with his business, and sins creep on him only by accidents and occasions; whereas, to an idle person, they come in a full body, and with open violence, and the impudence of a restless importunity.

"Idleness is called the 'sin of Sodom and her daughters,' and indeed is 'the burial of a living man;' an idle person being so useless to any purposes of God and man, that he is like one that is dead, unconcerned in the changes and necessities of the world; and he only lives to spend his time, and eat the fruits of the earth like a vermin or a wolf; when their times come, they die and perish, and in the mean time do no good; they neither plough nor carry burthens; all they do, either is unprofitable or mischievous.

"Idleness is the greatest prodigality in the world; it throws away that which is invaluable in respect to its present use, and irreparable when it is past, being to be recovered by no power of art or nature."

The Journal of a Wiltshire Curate.

Monday.—Received ten pounds from my rector, Doctor Snarl, being one half year's salary—Obliged to wait a long time before my admittance to the Doctor; and even when admitted, was never once asked to sit down or refresh myself, though I had walked eleven miles. Item—the Doctor hinted he could have the curacy filled for fifteen pounds a year.

Tuesday.—Paid nine pounds to seven different people; but could not buy the second hand pair of black breeches offered me as a great bargain, by Cabbage the taylor, my wife wanting a petticoat above all things, and neither Betsy nor Polly having a shoe to go to church.

Wednesday.—My wife bought a petticoat for herself, and shoes for her two daughters; but, unluckily, in coming home, dropped half a guinea through a hole, which she had never before perceived in her pocket, and reduced all our cash in the world to half a crown.—Item—chid my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune, and tenderly advised her to depend upon the goodness of God.

Thursday.—Received a note from the ale house at the top of the hill, informing me that a gentleman begged to speak to me on pressing business. Went, and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for seven pence half penny. In a struggle what to do;—the baker, though we had paid him but on Tuesday, quarrelled with us, to avoid giving any credit in future; and George Greasy, the butcher, sent us word, that he heard it whispered, how the rector intended to take a curate who would do the parish duty at an inferior price; and therefore though he would do any thing to serve me, advised me to deal with Peter Paunch, at the upper end of the town; mortifying reflections these. But a want of humanity is in my opinion a want of justice;—the Father of the universe lends his blessings to us, with a view that we should relieve a brother in distress; and we consequently do no more than pay a debt, when we perform an act of benevolence. Paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket, and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

Friday.—A very scanty dinner; and pretended therefore to be ill, that by avoiding to eat, I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and children. I told my wife what I had done with the shilling; the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart, and burst into tears. Mem. Never to contradict her as long as I live; for the mind that can argue like her's, though it may deviate from the more rigid sentiments of prudence, is even amiable for its indiscretion, and in every lapse from the severity of economy, performs an act of virtue superior to the value of a kingdom.

Saturday.—Wrote a sermon, which on Sunday I preached at four different parish churches, and came home excessively wearied, and excessively hungry; no more money than two pence halfpenny in the house; but see the goodness of God! the strolling player whom I had relieved was a man of fortune, who accidently heard that I was as humane as I was indigent, and from a generous eccentricity of temper, wanted to do me an essential piece of service: I had not been an hour at home, when he came in, and declaring himself my friend, put a fifty pound note into my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of three hundred pounds sterling a year.

THE LAST HERRING.

"Hoot away despair,
"Never yield to sorrow—
"The blackest sky may wear
"A smiling face to-morrow."

It was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine Cottage sat by her blazing faggots with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring by listening to the artlessness of their juvenile prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a long year her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter—she thought she had no friend in all the wide unfriendly world around. That mysterious providence, the wisdom of whose ways are above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now mid-winter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through the surrounding forests, while storms seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared through the bending pines and rocked her puny mansion.

The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed; and no wonder if her desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother when she looked upon her children; and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart-swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He whose promise is to the widow, and to the orphan, cannot forget his word. Providence had many years before, taken from her an elder son, who went from his forest home, to try his fortune on the seas, since which she had heard no note or tidings of him; and in latter times she had been, by the hand of death, deprived of a companion and staff of support in her husband. Yet to this hour she had been upborne; she had been not only able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost one opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

The indolent may well bear with poverty while the ability to gain a sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart is not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities, may hope, for charity has not quite closed her heart and hand, and shut her eyes on misery. But the industrious mother of helpless and dependant children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such a one was the widow of Pine Cottage; but as she bent over the fire and took up the last scanty remnant of food to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind—

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.

The smoking herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and the loud barking of the dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveller in tattered garments, and apparently indifferent health, entered, and begged a lodging and a mouthful of food;—"For," said he "it is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew, as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not round her own fire side. She hesitated not, even now—rest and a share of all she had, she proffered to the stranger.—'We shall not be forsaken,' said she, 'or suffer deeper for an act of charity.'

The traveller drew near the board, but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes towards heaven in astonishment—'And is this all your store,' said he—'and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? then never saw I Charity before! But madam,' said he, 'do not wrong your children, by giving part of their last mouthful to a stranger!' 'Ah,' said the poor widow, and the tear drops gushed into her eyes as she said it, 'I have a boy, a darling son, some where on the face of the wide world, unless heaven has taken him away, and I only act towards you, as I would that others should act towards him. God who sent manna from heaven can provide for us as he did for Israel—and how should I this night, offend HIM, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and he should have provided for him alone even as poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away.

The widow ended, and the stranger springing from his seat clasped her in his arms—'God has indeed provided just such a home for your wandering son—and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress—My mother! oh my mother!'

It was her long lost son; returned to her bosom, from the Indies, abounding in riches. He had chosen this disguise, that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy. That humble residence in the forest, was exchanged for one, comfortable, and indeed, beautiful in the valley; and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employments of virtue; and at this day the passer by is often pointed to the luxuriant willow that spreads its branches broad and green above her grave, whilst he listens to the recital of this simple and homely, but not altogether worthless tale.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CORA LINN.

The comparatively wild and unsettled county of Susquehanna presents attractions to the eye of the traveller, in the beauty and number of its lakes; and though the density and vast height of the woods, as yet, hide many a lovely prospect from view, yet we become reconciled in some measure to them, when we behold the graceful deer, to which those deep and almost impassable wilds give shelter. Amongst all the wild and picturesque beauties it discloses, none appears to me so eminently endowed with all the romantic graces of a wilderness, as CORA LINN. This is a little waterfall, formed by a stream, which (winding between hills covered with a very heavy growth of timber, and rising abruptly from the water's edge) precipitates itself, or rather glides down a rock, the upper part of which it has worn to the shape of a horse-shoe.—Long shall I remember the time when a party of us visited the spot. The difficulty of picking a path through the Susquehanna woods, suitable for the girls, was at last amply repaid by the pleasure we enjoyed in contemplating the various beauties of the place. It was on this occasion, that a command was laid on me, the fulfilment of which was the composition of the following

ADDRESS TO CORA LINN.

How sweetly wild this lovely spot,
These rugged rocks, this waterfall;
By the sun's rays illumin'd not,
Its canopy the hemlocks tall.
As down the rock the water glides,
It is not with a cataract's din;
For love itself scarce gentler chides
Than doth the stream of *Cora Linn*.

Though bright the trees that round it rise,
When spring decks all in robes of green;
Yet richer now is autumn's dies
With yellow red, and orange sheen;
And though in vain, in wint'ry hours,
I look for beauties that have been,
Yet spring again, with leaves and flowers,
Shall grace the wild round *Cora Linn*.

In the small bason, where the tide
Comes leaping from its rocky bed,
I've watch'd the fishes peaceful glide,
Though constant billows round them spread.
Thus joyous, in the tide of life,
My way through billows may I win;
And, peaceful in all nature's strife,
Resemble thee, sweet *Cora Linn*.

Once, in this wild and lonely place,
With nature's bounty still content,
The Indians lived, a noble race,
Ere they to Europe's vices bent.
But now, no more the Indian views
His form thy stream reflected in;
No more, with active feet, pursues
The wounded deer round *Cora Linn!*

For Europe's poison deep he drank,
And for it sold his native wild;
Below the brute his nature sank—
No longer health and honour's child!
Oh! may I recollect his doom,
And keep aloof from ways of sin,
Ere joys for me no longer bloom,
Nor thy sweet graces, *Cora Linn*.

When this frail form has ceased to be,
And, freed from dust, the active soul
No more shall find mortality
Its visions dim, its flight control;
When, lost to earthly joys, it must
From Heaven alone its pleasures win,
May this frail body, formed of dust,
Rest in thy shadows, *Cora Linn!*

And then, if spirits ever stray
Around the clay they once possest,
My soul shall often wing its way
To seek my grave's low mossy breast!
And then, day's bright glare shall close,
And evening's calmness shall begin,
Oh! what on earth could miss repose,
That heard thy murm'ring, *Cora Linn!*

FERAMORZ.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From a 'Desultory Reader's Notes.'

Whatever might have been the glory and brilliancy of the achievements of eminent military chiefs in ancient days, they have been equalled, if not surpassed, by many of the exploits of the commanders of our own armies, particularly during the revolutionary war. The numerous legions of Cæsar, and other successful captains amongst the Romans and other civilized ancient countries, were led against undisciplined hordes of barbarians, unskilled in the *art* of war, and could only fail of being victorious through absolute cowardice or inertness—they had but to advance, fight, and conquer; or, if defeated, seek safety in precipitate flight, in which a dreadful slaughter mostly took place among their ranks. Here was no *science*, no *skill*, nor any thing, in fact, but persevering personal bravery among the troops required to insure them a victory. Approaching nearer our own times, and viewing the battles fought by the celebrated chieftains of the middle ages, we still find them similarly situated; and coming down to the European commanders of the past or even the present century, and comparing them with the generals who fought the battles of our war of independence, we still find the advantage to rest in a great degree on the skill of the latter. With immense armies and treasures, together with resources of great magnitude, arising from the age and stability of the governments under which they acted, the great European commanders combatted an enemy far inferior in discipline and knowledge of war, if not in numbers and resources; with great bodies of men they protected small portions of territory, and generally at one or two battles overthrew their enemy, or were entirely defeated themselves. Wellington, who has gained so much honour on the field of Waterloo, owed it all to the success of one battle, which he principally gained by the treachery of some of his enemy's inferior officers. All the successful commanders of ancient days are now held up to the admiration of the world, while those of more modern days are forgotten, or only remembered as a class of imitators of those great patterns. The generals and other commanders in our revolutionary war evinced more skill and conduct than was required of, or exercised by, almost any of their predecessors in military affairs. Drawn from their fire-sides, the greater part of them at least, to head the armies composed of their fellow citizens, as inexperienced in war as themselves, unprovided with fire-arms or ammunition, or adequate resources of any kind, to oppose commanders schooled and trained in the academies and actual wars of Europe, with disciplined and well-armed veteran armies, often thrice their number, the commanders of America were forced to fight, retreat, draw resources from a country already exhausted by the draughts of their enemies—to protect an immense extent of country with a handful of raw militia; and, in short, with small means, to compass great ends. When we add to these circumstances, that they were often without the common necessaries of life, and with the certain prospect of an ignominious death, in case of the failure of their enterprise, Roman virtue shrinks into littleness, when compared to American patriotism, and the heroes of that war rise still higher in our estimation. These circumstances will show that it required more actual military conduct to drive the British invaders from our shores, than in Cæsar to vanquish the German barbarians, or in Hannibal to defeat the Roman legions; and General Greene fairly out-generalled Cornwallis, who has been acknowledged to exceed Wellington in his genius for war. This comparison might be extended to the orators, statesmen, and philosophers of the two hemispheres; but this would transgress the limits of a 'note.' The native eloquence of America can be duly appreciated by viewing the effects produced by the speeches of Patrick Henry, and other great men, during the revolution, and the skill of her statesmen is evinced in the pitch of prosperity which now exists in this country; for the evidence of the progress made in science and philosophy, we may point to Franklin and Rittenhouse, together with many other Americans, to whom the world are indebted for a new fund of knowledge.

Our youth are too much in the habit of looking back to ancient times for objects in military and civil life worthy their emulation, while the eminent worthies of their native land are scarcely thought deserving of admiration. A temperate native pride is at all times laudable, and sometimes has a beneficial action upon the affairs of mankind. The numbers comparatively engaged in the wars of the ancient and modern world, and those of our own country, cast a brilliancy upon the former, which should not, however, be suffered to throw the latter into the back ground. Let the American reader view the effects, and the transactions which led to them, in conjunction, and he will be more apt to estimate them properly. B.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

Dancing, in a degree, is professedly an essential part of a good education, as correcting any awkwardness of gesture, giving an easy and graceful motion to the body, and if practised early, perhaps even directing its growth. Modern manners, however, have carried the fondness for this accomplishment to an immoderate extreme. A passion for making the best figure in a minuet, is vastly beneath the dignity of a woman's understanding. And I am not sure, whether excelling in this particular does not inspire too great a fondness for dissipating pleasures, and proportionably abate the ardour for more retired virtues. A woman, who can sparkle and engage the admiration of every beholder, at a party, or a ball, is not always content with the graver office of managing a family, or the still and sober innocence of domestic scenes. Besides, dancing is not, at certain moments, without its temptation. An elegant illuminated room, brilliant company, the enchanting powers of music, admiring eyes, obsequious beaus, attitude, &c. are apt to transport the mind a little beyond the rational medium of gentle agitation.

I would not, however, be a cynical moralist, that would abridge you of any harmless amusement. I have only my apprehension for your innocence, for indeed it is a plant of a very delicate complexion. And you will then have attained the perfection of your character, when you can mix a passion for these elegant accomplishments with a turn for solid and domestic virtue; when you can one night be distinguished at a ball, and the next, want no other entertainment than what is afforded by the retired shade of your family, a well chosen book, or an agreeable walk. I should wish you to be innocent, and, if possible, accomplished at the same time; but, at any rate, I would have you innocent, because otherwise you cannot be happy.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage was instituted in Heaven. "The first marriage was in Paradise—the first persons conjoined were the first parents of mankind, and the Great Dispenser of all good was the author of their union." With such an example as this, who will not exclaim, with Shakspeare, that marriage "is a pattern of celestial peace!" Indeed, I look upon marriage as an institution that creates all those finer ties of love and friendship which softens the heart, and purifies the mind.

The marriage state is sometimes not productive of happiness, but it generally happens where virtue is absent.

"No means of happiness where virtue yields;
"That basis failing, falls the building too,
"And lays in ruins every virtue on its joy."

But these are but few in comparison to the number of marriages that daily occur. When the holy bond is cemented by the tie of continued love, and the heart vibrates at the pleasing impulse, we care little what that indescribable wanderer, the Bachelor, may say, for we

"By sweet experience know,
"That marriage, rightly understood,
"Gives to the tender and the good
"A Paradise below."

"Marriage," says Dr. Johnson, "is evidently the dictate of nature." Men and women are made to be the companions of each other; and, therefore, I cannot be persuaded but that marriage is one of the means of happiness.—It is a state not only suited to the conditions of some few individuals, but appropriated to all persons, under all circumstances—extended to the concave arch of Heaven, and of incalculable duration. It will brighten affliction's gloomy countenance, and make sorrow wear a cheerful garment. It will deck the humble and contented cot with almost heavenly bliss, and waft its fragrance even to the most remote recesses of poignant misery.

If we trace marriage to a low state, we may there see cheerfulness and contentment depicted even in the white-washed wall and the clean fire-side—where, though luxury is unknown, the husband returns from his diurnal labour, and rests in the bosom of felicity, while the scanty mite is sweetened when distributed by a wife's hands. But, say some, how is the marriage state when surrounded by a family? Why, if possible, enjoying more felicity: they, instead of detracting, in the least degree, from the happiness of this state, present themselves as living images and tokens of love, who live to cheer the parent when life shall almost have spun its web.

Marriage has been, by all nations, whether civilized or barbarous, ancient or modern, held with respect and veneration. We have instances of it on record, from the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Romans, &c. &c.; indeed, many burthens have, at various periods, been imposed upon the bachelors, and honourable rewards offered to those who entered the marriage state.

Many persons take a too superficial view of the marriage life, only looking at the few difficulties with which it is sometimes entailed; and by this means make that appear unproductive of happiness, which was by God himself instituted for the promotion of comfort in all his creatures. If the married man has more anxiety and cares than he who enjoys celibacy, he has, at the same time, a far greater portion of real felicity than the bachelor can possibly enjoy. Bishop Taylor, who seems to have well known the human character, has lef some valuable truths on this head, which, though brief, contain much of sterling nature. He says, "Marriage is a school and exercise of virtue; and though marriage has its cares, yet the single life hath desires, which are more troublesome, and more dangerous, and often end in sin, while the cares are but instances of duty and exercises of piety. Here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united, and made firm, as a centre. The virgin sends prayers to God; but she carries but one soul to him; but the state of marriage fills up the number of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessings of society, and the union of hearts and hands.—Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours, and unites into societies and republics, and sends out armies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world."

Marriage, before engaged in, ought to be maturely considered, and formed on the basis of sincerity and affection. When this is not adopted, the result generally is unpropitious. But when marriage is raised upon the unshaken rock of love and esteem, the

"Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets"

will never cease to flow, but as time glides on, still continue with an almost more rapid stream."

"Hail, wedded love! mysterious bond, true source
"Of human offspring, sole property,
"In Paradise of all things common else—
"By thee, adulterous lust was driven from men,
"Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
"Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
"Relations dear, and all the charities
"Of father, son, and brother, first were known."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs. Editors—I submit for your poetical department the following Schedisma. Poetry is considered the language of passion; that which is free and unmeasured I esteem the most impassioned, and think it better expresses the emotions of the soul. It flows direct from the imagination, unrestrained and unfettered by the shackles of rhyme. V.

THE GRAVE.

Nature appeared desolate and mournful; the clouds passed heavily on, shrouding all things in their gloom. The winds sighed sadly through the dark boughs that waved among the tombs; these stood around, like the ghosts of the evening, pale, silent, and motionless. Beneath the cold, but speaking marble, lay the bodies of the departed, crumbling to their primitive dust; bodies which were once among us, in all the joy of life—our relations and friends. Where are they now? Wrapped in the damp clay! emaciated and haggard as when sickness and death tore them from us. My soul was melancholy! I thought upon the scenes of former times, when those who now lie buried were with us. They were once dear to us, but now they are alone and cold, beneath the earth. On the ground, the fallen leaves were scattered, the emblems of man's mortality, killed by the frosts of winter, and torn from their parent stems; so does death, fell and merciless, sweep from us all that we hold dear.—But the shadows of evening approached, and all was cold, dreary, and comfortless! The sepulchral arches, and upright monuments of the dead, were losing themselves in the uncertainty of the gloom. Do the ghosts of the departed now stalk abroad? Have they burst from their cementaries to walk amidst these shades? I beheld a figure gliding silently across the mounds: pensively it stole among the graves, like the wandering spectre of the night. It approached—it was a beautiful spirit! The raven tresses were too rudely blown by the chill breath of Winter, and his frigid hand was upon her ivory neck, but the sweet spirit was regardless of it. Her white drapery flowed loosely around, as she leaned in sorrow over a tomb, which marked the repose of innocence. She spoke not; but the unutterable meaning of the look she cast to Heaven, and the deep sighs she heaved, betrayed—the mother. VINCENTIO.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When I contemplate the multiplied benefits arising to us of the present day, from the labours of former generations, as well as the present—the sublime penetration and deep researches of those great geniuses, of all ages, so eminently distinguished as ornaments to human nature, and the generous candour with which they have, from time to time, put on record, for our use and advantage, their invaluable discoveries, of various kinds, the fruits of their patient investigations and unwearied diligence, I feel on my mind a weight of obligation which I am as unable to describe as to repay.

How much do we not owe, for instance, to the great Euclid, the celebrated Copernicus, and the immortal Newton—to Napier, Simson, Simpson and Emerson—to Johnson, Lowth, Sheridan, Walker, Franklin, Fulton and Murray! Such has been, at all times, my veneration for those great benefactors of mankind, that if, in any instance, I find myself enabled, through their merits, to discover, in any of those precious systems which they have bestowed upon us, an error or an omission, a veil of gratitude in a moment interposed before me, and covers forever from any animadversion of mine, those slight blemishes from which no human production ever can be entirely free; not that I would recommend to connive at error, wherever it may be found, or forbid its correction, but we know there are two ways of doing a thing, and I presume that mistakes of this nature might be rectified, at all times, to better effect, in the mild and excusing temper of a man learned enough to be conscious of his own manifold imperfections, rather than in the boisterous vituperations of the pedant who sees faults in every thing but himself, and who passes over, carelessly, the many excellent qualifications of his best friends, and their kindliest endeavours for his good, fastens with avidity on their slightest oversights, and, with vindictive malignity, points them out to the unmerited reproach of the world. This is not "doing unto others as he would that others should do unto him;" this is acting the undutiful part of the reprobate Ham, rather than concealing with the filial piety of Shem and Japhet, the unconscious nakedness of their slumbering parent. I think I may appeal to the breast of every honest man, whether one of this snarling disposition does not, by such mode of correction, (by which he evidently strives to raise himself into notice,) tend more to discourage and retard the progress of learning than to promote it.

Messrs. Editors, the above ideas have been

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

RECEIPT FOR A POEM.

How pleasing 'tis, (the poet sings,)
To soar upon the seraph wings
Of extacy. If you're inclin'd
To taste this banquet of the mind,
The few short rules I here provide,
May help you in your airy ride:
First, with a virgin gray goose quill,
The margin of your paper fill
With rhyming phrases, shady bowers,
Pearly dew, and falling showers,
Winding rills, and bubbling fountains,
Pine-clad hills, and cloud-capt mountains,
Adown whose side the torrents roar;
And then the Muse's aid implore.

"Come, gentle Muse, my soul inspire;
Some portion of that strain impart,
Which, *flowing* from great Byron's lyre,
With *glowing* rapture fills the heart!"

If courted thus, the gentle Muse,
Her favours sure will not refuse,
To one who so "divinely sues."
By her inspir'd, you now may rove,
Thro' some dark wood or shady grove;
Or, seated on the cold wet ground,
While all is hush'd, and not a sound
Woos "echo in her airy round,"
You thus describe the scene:

"Each fluttering breeze its pinions folds,
And downy-footed silence holds
Her undisputed reign,
Save when the mournful whipperwill,
Wakes echo on the neighb'ring hill,
With oft repeated strain.

Now, 'bursting thro' a parting cloud,'
Dian's white coursers, *prancing proud*,
Their glorious queen display,
Pouring around her silver light,
With mellow lustre, scarce less bright,
Than doth the god of day."

And now a proper time 'twill be
To introduce your "cher ami:"
Some female friend—no matter who;
But if her name be Peg or Sue,
She must be christen'd o'er again,
Rosina, Rose, or Rosaline;
Her eyes to diamonds then compare—
Her lips to coral—stoutly swear,
Like Cupid's own her Grecian nose is—
Her cheeks like blushing damask roses—
Her teeth——but needless 'tis to trace
The portraiture of ev'ry face
Which poets have extoll'd in rhyme,
From Homer to the present time.

When all these pretty things are said,
The next thing, you must kill her dead,
And when beneath the turf she's laid,
A cypress plant, whose mournful shade
Will mark the spot—or, if you please,
A score or two of willow trees,
As mourners, you may range around,
Whose weeping branches wet the ground;
Then to the list'ning moon complain,
In something like the following strain:

"Now all my blissful days are fled;
My ev'ry earthly joy is laid
Where Rosa's ashes rest!
No comfort can the world bestow—
Not friendship's hand can soothe my woe,
Or ease my tortured breast." D.

COMMUNICATION.

Messrs. Atkinson & Alexander—By inserting the following question, you will oblige your friend J. I.

What number is that which, if you multiply it by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, or 10, the product, when added together, will be exactly the multiplicand?

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs. Editors—A wish having been put forth on your journal of the 25th December last, that some gentleman might please to explain what quotient arises by dividing 0 by 0; and no sufficient explanation having since appeared, I take the liberty of submitting the following:

To give this subject a full solution, it will be necessary, first, to show some explanatory properties, after which, we will proceed to the matter proposed.

Let a = any given quantity at pleasure, then $a - a = 0$, $2a - 2a = 0$, $3a - 3a = 0$, &c. Also, $x - x = 0$, and $v - v = 0$, whatever may be the respective value of x and v.

And $\overline{a-a} \times a = a^2 - a^2$, which is evidently $= 0$; hence $0 \times a = 0$. The same appears from $\overline{x-x} \times a = ax - ax$, which is likewise $= 0$.

And $\overline{a-a} \times \overline{2a-2a} = 2a^2 - 4a^2 + 2a^2$, which is manifestly $= 0$, hence $0 \times 0 = 0$. The same appears from $\overline{a-a} \times \overline{x-x} = ax - 2ax + ax$, which is $= 0$.

And $a)\ a - a\ (= 1 - 1$, which is evidently $= 0$, hence $\frac{0}{a} = 0$. The same appears from $a)\ x - x\ (= \frac{x}{a} - \frac{x}{a} = 0$. This property is easily understood by barely considering that the quantity a is not contained in the numerator 0, any number of times, nor any part of a time; whence the quotient must necessarily be $= 0$.

And $a - a)\ a\ (= 1 + 1 + 1 + 1$ . . . to infinity; hence $\frac{a}{0}$ = infinity. The same appears from

$2a - 2a)\ a\ (= \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2}$ . . . to infinity; and $x - x)\ a\ (= \frac{a}{x} + \frac{a}{x} + \frac{a}{x}$ . . . to infinity; whose respective sums are manifestly infinite.

This last property is easily understood thus, let $\frac{a}{r}$ represent a fraction, of which let the denominator r be conceived to diminish gradually, while the numerator a remains constant. It is plain, that the smaller r gets, the greater is the quotient, and when r gets extremely small, the quotient gets extremely great; whence it is manifest, that when r becomes infinitely small, the quotient must be infinitely great, that is, in other words, when $r = 0$, the quotient = infinity.

☞ These properties are too plain for any algebraist to be unacquainted with them. But

MIND WHAT FOLLOWS.

$a - a)\ a - a\ (= 1$, hence $\frac{0}{0} = 1$.
$a - a)\ 2a - 2a\ (= 2$, hence $\frac{0}{0} = 2$.
$a - a)\ 3a - 3a\ (= 3$, hence $\frac{0}{0} = 3$.
&c. &c.
Also, $2a - 2a)\ a - a\ (= \frac{1}{2}$, hence $\frac{0}{0} = \frac{1}{2}$.
$3a - 3a)\ a - a\ (= \frac{1}{3}$, hence $\frac{0}{0} = \frac{1}{3}$.
$3a - 3a)\ 2a - 2a\ (= \frac{2}{3}$, hence $\frac{0}{0} = \frac{2}{3}$.
&c. &c.

Hence, then, it appears that 0 divided by 0 produces any thing you please from the lowest fraction you can conceive, to the highest number that enumeration can reach. And under all its various forms, it is but $\frac{0}{0}$ all the while!! It is not surprising, then, that Bonnycastle and Euler assert with confidence, that 0 divided by 0 produces "some finite quantity;" for it produces not only some finite quantity, but all finite quantities whatever. Strangely prolific indeed!

Let us put it into a general shape, thus, $x - x)\ v - v\ (= \frac{v}{x}$; that is, $\frac{0}{0} = \frac{v}{x}$.

Here, by expounding v and x respectively, by various values, you find $\frac{0}{0}$ = every thing you can imagine. For instance,
If $v = 1$, and $x = 1$, then $\frac{0}{0} = 1$.
,, $v = 6$, and $x = 3$, then $\frac{0}{0} = 2$.
If $v = 0$, and $x = a$, then $\frac{0}{0} = 0$.
,, $v = a$, and $x = 0$, then $\frac{0}{0}$ = Infinity.

These two last cases being the two extremes, all others are comprehended between them. Wherefore $\frac{0}{0}$ produces nothing, and every thing severally, and all things collectively. What an incomprehensible subject, under this view of it! No wonder that mathematicians get bewildered in it.

But what am I to do, should $\frac{0}{0}$ really occur to me in the resolution of a rational problem? Am I to give up the object sought, as a thing unattainable, the same as I must sometimes do when I meet $\frac{a}{0}$? Or am I to mould and shape the thing, like a nose of wax, to any form I like? No—neither the one nor the other.

It is time, now, to enter upon the true and rational solution of this elusive difficulty.

SOLUTION.

$x - x = 0$, and $v - v = 0$, then $\overline{x-x} \times \overline{v-v} = 0 \times 0$, p. equal multiplication, that is, $xv - 2xv + xv = 0$. Divide this equation back again by the equation $v - v = 0$, the left side by the left, and the right side by the right, whence $\frac{xv - 2xv + xv}{v - v} = \frac{0}{0}$ p. equal division. From the left side we have $x - x$ p. actual division, whence $x - x = \frac{0}{0}$; what then must $\frac{0}{0}$ be? Obviously 0, so that $x - x = 0$, as it ought to be; for otherwise $x - x$ would be = something, which is absurd; consequently $\frac{0}{0} = 0$.

Who that ever studied Simpson's Algebra, can plead ignorance of this truth. Let any man examine the tenor of the whole process on the first eight or nine pages of the twelfth section (equations of several dimensions) of that distinguished work, and I am confident he will find himself fully satisfied that $\frac{0}{0} = 0$. But, lest going over so many pages might be thought prolix, I beg to refer to one single instance, on the eighth page of the above nine, where the given equation to be solved is $x^4 + x^3 - 29x^2 - 9x + 180 = 0$; and which is there divided by the equation $x - 3 = 0$, the left side by the left, and the right side by the right, (understood,) whence emerges $x^3 + 4x^2 - 17x - 60 = \frac{0}{0} = 0$. And this again is divided by the equation $x - 4 = 0$, the same way, whence arises $x^2 + 8x + 15 = \frac{0}{0} = 0$. And this, in like manner, by the equation $x + 3 = 0$, whence is found $x + 5 = \frac{0}{0} = 0$. Here the author's meaning cannot be mistaken, nor the truth of his principle questioned for a single moment.

Let us see what monstrous consequences would follow from the opposite supposition, namely, that $\frac{0}{0}$ = something, suppose a.

From the first division above, we would have $x^3 + 4x^2 - 17x - 60 = \frac{0}{0} = a$. And this divided by $x - 4 = 0$, gives $x^2 + 8x + 15 = \frac{a}{0}$ = infinity, which is a glaring absurdity.

I might here ask any algebraist, had he such an equation as this, $vx^2 + vx - 12v = 0$, how he would thence find the value of x; and he would readily answer, that he would first divide v, by which he would have $x^2 + x - 12 = 0$, whence he could easily find x to be either 3 or −4; nor would he inquire as to the nature of v, whether it represented an affirmative or a negative quantity, or nothing.

But if I should then tell him that v was $= 0$, would he on that account change his mode of resolution? Certainly he would not—nay, he could not. He would still treat v in the same manner as if it had been a positive quantity. Thus, therefore, $vx^2 + vx - 12v = \frac{0}{v}$.

Or, $\frac{vx^2 + vx - 12v}{v} = \frac{0}{0}$. From either of which we have $x^2 + x - 12 = 0$. Here then it stands universally confessed, that $\frac{0}{0} = 0$.

And now seeing that this principle, in fact, pervades algebraic equations so extensively, who will deny that it is "a matter of great importance" in mathematics?

I can scarcely imagine, that any man, acquainted with algebra, can any longer entertain a doubt on this subject. But should there be any such person, I beg to refer him, for further confirmation, to Simpson's Fluxions, article 249, third case, (page 201) for a splendid instance, among the many which that system affords, and wherein the investigation of a rational astronomical proposition x is involved, and must be exterminated by division, at the same time that $x = 0$. The equation there, is too troublesome for insertion in this place. MARTIN ROCH.

10th January, 1825.

WEEKLY PRICES CURRENT,

Corrected every Thursday for the Saturday Eve. Post.

Bacon,	lb.	$0 6½	a	$0 8
Beans,	bush.	1 00	a	1 25
Beef, Philad. Mess,	bbl.	7 00	a	0 00
Do. cargo & prime,	,,	8 00	a	9 00
Butter, lump,	lb.	10	a	12
Do. salted, insp.	,,	8	a	00
Feathers, Amer.	,,	32	a	35
Fish, Mackarel, No. 1,	bbl.	5 75	a	00
Flour, wheat, P. s. f.	,,	5 00	a	00
Do. rye,	,,	2 50	a	00
Do. corn meal,	,,	2 25	a	00
Do. do.	hhd.	10 50	a	00
Grain, wheat,	bush.	1 00	a	00
Do. rye,	,,	40	a	00
Do. corn, Penn.	,,	35	a	00
Do. do. southern,	,,	32	a	00
Do. oats,	,,	20	a	00
Do. barley,	,,	60	a	70
Do. bran, double,	,,	14	a	15
Lard, Penn.	lb.	10	a	00
Pork, J. & P. mess,	bbl.	13 00	a	0 00

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, Marble Yard, No. 1 South Eleventh st. where a great variety of Marble Mantles, and other Marble work can be had cheap for cash.—nov 25

HOWELL's INDIAN SYRUP.

A PREPARATION composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs and Plants, and has proved itself to be a valuable remedy for the cure of Colds, Asthmas, Consumption of the Lungs, and long continued Coughs; and particularly for the removal of those tight colds attended with Coughs incident to children. Prepared by the Proprietor ONLY, No. 70 NORTH FIFTH STREET, where a liberal allowance will be made to those who purchase to sell again. Price 25 Cents a bottle.

JOHN B. HOWELL.

☞ A variety of other medicines to be had at the above place. jan. 8—1t

B. ROBINSON,

KEEPS constantly for sale at his VARIETY and JEWELRY STORE, No. 12 North Second Street, Fine Pearl, Fine Gold and Plain JEWELRY, Silver Spoons, Spectacles, suited to all ages; Plated Goods and Britannia Ware; an extensive assortment of Coral of all sizes, fine Polished Steel and Fancy Gilt Goods, all of which will be warranted and sold low, wholesale or retail.

, Distant Orders attended to with promptness and despatch. oct. 16—tf

NOTICE.

HAVING declined business and let my stand to Thomas S. Tucker, I recommend him as being worthy the confidence and patronage of my friends and customers. *ABRAHAM HILTARD.*

THOMAS S. TUCKER respectfully informs his Customers and the public generally that he has removed to the above mentioned stand, No. 19 south Third Street, where he has on hand an excellent Assortment of *CLOTHS, CASSIMERES* and *VESTINGS*, which he will make up on reasonable terms at the shortest notice. 1st mo. 1—1t*

TO MANUFACTURERS.

MACHINE CARDS.

THE Subscribers having the Agency of the following Manufactories, will receive orders for Machine Cards, and have them delivered in this city free of expense or risk; From either Isaac Southgate, Henry Sargent, Horace Smith, Alpheus Smith, James & John A. Smith, Jones & Wood, Silas Earle, or Pliny Earle.—They have constantly on hand, a large assortment of FILLET and SHEET CARDS, out of which they can put up orders for immediate demand, at reduced prices. They also continue to keep Whittemore's, Smith's, Sargent's, Southgate's and Earle's HAND CARDS, both *Cotton and Wool*, at manufacturer's prices.

Apply at their HARDWARE & CUTLERY STORE, No. 140, Market Street, Philadelphia.

G. M. & G. R. JUSTICE.

N. B.—Comb Plate and Fuller's Jacks, may also be had of them. oct. 23—1y

NEW MARKET BEDDING WAREHOUSE,

South East corner of Pine and Second streets.

BARTLESON & HARMER, Upholsterers, respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that they have opened a Bedding Warehouse at the southeast corner of Pine and Second streets, where they intend keeping on hand an extensive assortment of elegant ready made Beds, Bolsters and Pillows, of the best Superfine English Ticking, and best dried Feathers; elegant hair Mattresses, and a general assortment of Mattresses of an inferior quality; a quantity of Curled Hair, a general assortment of Feathers, well dried and fit for immediate use, and a quantity of Moss, Flock, Cottons, Cattail and Wool, Bedsteads and Windsor Chairs, and a number of articles in their line, all of which will be sold very low for cash. Young persons who are about commencing House-keeping will find it much to their advantage to CALL and SEE their assortment, as in point of quality and price, they will not shrink from a comparison with any other Upholsterers in the city. jan. 8—1y

J. S. RUSSELL, NO. 63, *Chesnut street,*

Has for sale a general and handsome Assortment of BRASS, BRONZED and JAPANNED

LAMPS,

adapted to every purpose for which light is required, together with LAMP *Glasses & Wicks* of all descriptions, and every article connected with the use of Oil. 1—tf

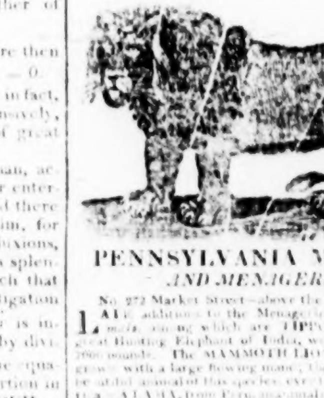
SARAH DAVIS & CO.

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public in general, that they manufacture SUSPENDERS of every description, and particularly J. Davis's Genuine Patent Improved Suspenders, which answer for pantaloons and drawers, such as no one else makes,—likewise CRAVAT STIFFENERS, of the best quality can be had wholesale and retail, at

No. 31, South Front Street.

We hope that our attention to business will merit the favours of the public.

N. B.—The Patent can be seen by applying as above. nov. 6—3m



PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM *AND MENAGERIE.*

No. 272 Market Street—above the Upper Market.

LATE additions to the Menagerie—18 *Living Animals*, among which are TIPPOO SULTAN, the great Hunting Elephant of India, weighing upwards of 7000 pounds. The MAMMOTH LION, from Asia, full grown with a large flowing mane, the largest and most beautiful animal of this species ever imported to America. A LLAMA, from Peru, an animal of wonderful speed. A SHETLAND PONEY, a very diminutive and sagacious Animal, &c. &c.

TIPPOO SULTAN was imported into this country about three years ago, and was formerly one of the most savage and intractable of the species. He was broke by Mr. Martin, his keeper, and would never be governed by any other person. The sagacity of this animal, together with the intrepidity and dexterity of his keeper, presents a spectacle not only curious and diverting, but in some instances horrible to the spectator and dangerous to the keeper. Among a variety of singular marks of sagacity, he takes a stand in the centre of the room, and moves his body round, his hind feet remaining in the centre, forming a circle with his head—places his keeper on his tusks, and in continued repetition round the circle, tosses him to the height of 10 or 12 feet, and with the most singular and seemingly studied accuracy, catches him upon his tusks and trunk, and in conclusion, gives him a toss into the air, the Keeper turns a somerset in his flight and safely lands on the back of the Elephant. The nature of the circumstance and want of security of the keeper, render this exploit both more dangerous and intrepid, than the Hanging Feat of the celebrated Mr. Stoker.

Late additions to the Museum. The PROPHECY OF SIMEON, a splendid Painting, by Mr. Street; together with a large collection of other Paintings—70 WAX STATUES—A MECHANICAL ORGAN—A Prepared SEA ELEPHANT, and other Natural Curiosities. *Admittance to ALL 25 cents—children half price.*

The Museum is a *Large New Building*, four stories high, containing four rooms, each 28 feet wide, and 128 feet deep. The two upper rooms are appropriated as a Museum and Repository of Paintings, Statues and other curiosities.

The lower story, together with a large yard and outer buildings, are appropriated as a Menagerie, which already contains upwards of 25 rare and curious Living Animals.

The Proprietor invites the offer of Paintings and other pieces of Art or Natural Curiosities, which he will either purchase or deposit at a fair remuneration. Historical, Portrait, Transparent & other Paintings for sale, will be thankfully received, and deposited any length of time, and carefully preserved. dec 18—tf

P. VAN PELT, DENTIST,

GRATEFUL for past favours, begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he continues to perform all operations connected with his profession, at his old establishment (it having been reported that he had removed) No. 141 CHESNUT STREET, opposite the Bank of the United States. He makes no claim to *superior talents or excellence*, neither is he in possession of, or have, any *instruments*, which operate without the *least pain*, nor of wonderful specifics, that *instantly cure the most violent tooth ache*—but he promises most faithfully his best endeavours to give satisfaction to all those who may honour him with their commands.

P. VAN PELT has always a supply of his Antiscorbutic Dentifrice, and the usual remedies for mitigating violent tooth ache, which will be applied gratuitously. dec 18—6m*

PHILIP PRICE, Jr.

INFORMS his Friends and the Public, he has established a Copper Plate Printing Office, at No. 66 Lombard street, three doors above Third street.

Orders left there, or at No. 71 Market street, for Copper Plate Printing, in all its branches, will be promptly attended to on the lowest terms. 1mo. 1—tf

Elliott's Hair Restorative.

For the promotion, renovation and retention of the Hair.

Decidedly superior to any yet produced.

IN offering the Hair Restorative to the attention of those who may require its aid, in the prevention of the falling off of their Hair, the promotion of its growth, (even in cases of hereditary baldness,) or for the renewal of its growth if impaired by sickness or other causes, the proprietor feels confident that it will equal every reasonable expectation—its efficacy in the cases mentioned, having been most amply tested.

A very few applications of the Hair Restorative, where baldness prevails, will be productive of a covering of Young Hair, resembling the fine capillaments perceivable in the centre of a flower growing up within a plant, which, by attention in the use of the Restorative will, like the young flower, rapidly advance to healthy maturity. Such have been its effects as experienced by the proprietor, who had been subject to the inconvenience of baldness for the last 20 years: And in several other cases of a similar nature, the like success has attended the use of the Hair Restorative, as those benefitted are ready to testify, if necessary.

As a general HEAD-WASH, the Restorative is calculated to prove highly useful and agreeable. By using it a few times, the *Scurf or Dandruff*, which so frequently accumulates around the roots and ultimately destroys the Hair, will be finally eradicated from the membrane. And by its cephalic influence upon the capillary vessels, in all cases of renewed growth, the Hair will be HEALTHY and THICK, and acquire additional lustre. Even to those in the possession of good Hair, the use of the Restorative would prove essential, inasmuch as it would aid them in preserving that invaluable and highly ornamental natural covering. To those desirous of the embellishment of Whiskers, it will promote their growth.

As a gentle, innocent, and benign Cephalic, the Restorative may be safely, and with good effect, applied to the heads of Infants or Children, whose Hair may appear deficient. Prepared by C. A. ELLIOTT, 39 Walnut street, and sold at One Dollar per bottle—half size do. 50 Cents. Also, sold at No. 92, North West corner of Second and Walnut streets, adjoining the Merchants' Coffee-House; No. 114 North Fifth street, three doors above Race, and at No. 89, South Front, between Chesnut and Walnut streets, Philadelphia.

Wholesale purchasers, by applying at 36 Walnut street will receive prompt attention. jan. 1—1y

SWAIM'S PANACEA.

THIS valuable Medicine has obtained a distinction which its efficacy alone can support. As a purifier of the blood it has no parallel. It is the most useful *spring and autumn alterative* ever known. All those who are affected with *Scrofula, Leprosy, Scurvy*, or cutaneous *Eruptions*, or any of those melancholy diseases arising from impurity of the blood and juices—also, those who suffer by *diseased Liver*, Rheumatic affections, or from indiscretion of their youth, or those whose constitutions are broken down by mercurial, antimonial, or arsenical medicines, should submit to a course of Swaim's Panacea. The effect of this Medicine is such as not to interrupt either business or pleasure, and requires only the common restraints of moderation in diet. It is conveyed by the circulating fluids, and corrects their tendencies to all those diseases which originate in vitiated blood. It is a safe, though a powerful substitute for mercury, and removes those evils which an unsuccessful use of that mineral so often occasions, &c.

In all complicated cases of *Scrofula* and *Syphilis*, and where the Syphilitic Virus of the parent causes a development of Scrofula in the child, this is the only remedy upon which a single hope of recovery can be reasonably founded; there has been no instance of its failure, when properly used. It imparts vigour to the whole system while the cure is going on—*an operation so long looked for in vain by the medical world*; at the same time the patient is enabled to take nourishing food, which under the common modes of practice, is usually withheld from the sufferer. In many instances where the horrible ravages of ulceration had laid bare ligament and bone, and where, to all appearance, no human means but amputation could have saved life; in cases extreme as even here described, have patients been snatched from the grave and restored to good health, and the devouring disease completely eradicated. *The discovery of a remedy like this now offered for sale has been a desideratum from time immemorial.*

The Proprietor does not suppose his bare assertion will convince; he will therefore give references to such as have been cured, and those under his care, among whom are many highly respectable citizens, that shall satisfy the most incredulous of its superior efficacy in the disorders for which it is here recommended. Every member of society should aid in diffusing information of this discovery—*humanity alone makes it a duty.*

CERTIFICATES.

"I have, within the last two years had an opportunity of seeing several cases of very inveterate ulcers, which, having resisted previously the regular modes of treatment, were healed by the use of Mr. Swaim's Panacea; and I do believe, from what I have seen, that it will prove an important remedy in scrofulous, venereal and mercurial diseases. "N. CHAPMAN, M. D.
"Professor of the Institutes and practice of Physic in the University of Pennsylvania, &c."
"*Philadelphia, February 16, 1823.*"

"I have applied the Panacea of Mr. Swaim in numerous instances, within the last three years, and have always found it extremely efficacious, especially in secondary syphilis and in mercurial disease. I have no hesitation in pronouncing it a medicine of inestimable value. W. GIBSON, M. D.
"Professor of surgery in the University of Pennsylvania, Surgeon and Clinical Lecturer to the Alms House Infirmary, &c.
"*February 17, 1823.*"

"I have repeatedly used Swaim's Panacea, both in the Hospital and in private practice, and have found it to be a valuable medicine in chronic, syphilitic, and scrofulous complaints, and in obstinate cutaneous affections.
"VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.
"Professor of Surgery in the University of New-York, Surgeon of the N. Y. Hospital, &c.
"*New York, 1st mo. 5th, 1824.*"

AGENTS.

Boston—J. P. Hall, Druggist, No. 1 Union street.
New York—Collins & Hannay, No. 230 Pearl street; John B. Dodd & Co. Druggists, No. 181 Broadway, opposite John street.
Lancaster, (Penn.)—Henry Keffer.
Pittsburg, (Penn.)—Charles Avery & Co. Druggists.
Wilmington, (Del.)—Joseph Bringhurst, Druggist.
Baltimore—Henry Price, Druggist, Market street.
Washington City—William Gunton, Druggist.
Alexandria—Edward Stabler & Son, Druggists.
Norfolk—C. Hall, Bookseller.
Richmond, (Va.)—James M'Kiddoe, Druggist.
Charleston, (S. C.)—S. Huard, Druggist.
Petersburgh, Va.—Bragg & Jones, Druggists.
Augusta, (Geo.)—Wm. H. Turpin, Druggist.
Natchez—Lehman & Beaumont, Druggists.
New Orleans—William M'Kean.
Agents in other cities will be appointed.

Patients whose situation and circumstances enable them to come to this city, and place themselves under the proprietor's care, would find it much to their advantage.

CAUTION TO PURCHASERS.

The great demand and wonderful success of this medicine, has induced a number of persons to imitate it in various ways. Some are selling Sarsaparilla and other syrups, imposing them on the ignorant for the Panacea; others are mixing the genuine medicine with molasses, &c. making three bottles out of one—thus retaining some of its virtues. These imitations and adulterations have, in many instances, protracted the sufferings of patients, in cases where the *genuine medicine* would have proved instantly efficacious.—I therefore deem it a duty I owe the public, to acquaint them, that it is impossible, from the very nature of its constituents, to be discovered by chemical analysis; and, consequently, that all other mixtures represented to be mine, and sold as such, are fraudulent and base impositions calculated to deceive the ignorant and unwary. The genuine medicine has my signature on a label, representing Hercules and the Hydra, and my name on the seal.

Price $3 per bottle, or $30 per dozen.

Communications, post paid, and orders from any part of the world, will receive immediate attention.

☞ Printed Directions accompany the Medicine.

William Swaim,

No. 13 South Ninth street, Philadelphia, opposite the University of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1825. [1—tf

A New Song, to an Old Tune.

Few months have flown since I was poor,
And sorrows then were mine;
When passing through the market place
I saw John Gibbs's sign;
I quickly paus'd, 'twas well I did,
For I was just in time
To buy a Ticket, see his Bird,
And hear the Clock's sweet chime.
Chorus—For John Gibbs, he is the man,
At selling prizes high,
Then haste all you who cash can spare,
Be quick—a Ticket buy.

My numbers drew the highest prize,
I do not now repine,
For I have cash to serve a friend
And take my glass of wine;
Then call on GIBBS, he has the cash,
And *Hope* there smiles divine,
Whilst *Justice* welcomes old and young,
Who visit *Fortune's* shrine.
Chorus—For John Gibbs, he is the man,
At selling prizes high,
Then haste all you who cash can spare,
Be quick—a Ticket buy.

If you can't buy a whole one, try a half, a quarter, or an eighth—it may *make* but cannot *break* you. The following brilliant Lottery will be drawn on the 5th of January coming, in 5 minutes; and the lucky holder of the fifty thousand need not call a second time for the cash. Gibbs is always at *home*.

UNION CANAL LOTTERY.

Fifteenth Class—New Series. Sixty numbers—Eight ballots to be drawn.

HIGHEST PRIZE,

30,000 DOLLARS.

Whole Tickets, $6—Halves, $3—Quarters, $1.50—Eighths 75 cents.

Orders received for Tickets in the New-York, New-Jersey and Maryland State Lotteries, at

GIBBS' LUCKY OFFICE,

NO. 44, SOUTH THIRD STREET.

Office open every evening until 10 o'clock.

Highest price given for all kinds of Gold and Spanish Dollars. jan 8—tf

JOB PRINTING,

OF all descriptions, neatly and expeditiously executed, at moderate prices, by ATKINSON AND ALEXANDER, at their office back of No. 53 Market street, four doors below Second st. north side.

ELIAS HICKS'S SERMONS.

PROPOSALS by Joseph and Edward Parker, No. 172 Market Street, Philadelphia, for publishing, by subscription, a series of EXTEMPORANEOUS DISCOURSES by ELIAS HICKS. Delivered at the several Friends' Meetings of Philadelphia, Germantown, Abington, Byberry, Newtown, Middletown, Falls, and Trenton, in 12th Month, 1824. Taken in Short-hand by M. T. C. Gould.

Conditions.—This work will be printed in octavo, on a fine paper and good type, and will contain 12 sermons and about three hundred pages.—The work will be delivered to subscribers, neatly bound and lettered, for one dollar and fifty cents per copy.—Any person who will procure ten subscribers, and become responsible for the payment, shall be entitled to the eleventh for their trouble.—The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to warrant the publication.—The price to non-subscribers will be two dollars. dec 18—tf

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having claims against the estate of JOHN MOULSON, deceased, will please to present their accounts, properly attested, and those indebted to make payment; and also, all persons having accounts or papers of his in their possession, will please to deliver them to the Subscriber, at No. 68 North Third Street, without delay.

RICHARD S. RISLEY, Administrator.

dec 18—tf

Saddle, Bridle, Collar and Harness MANUFACTORY.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has commenced the SADDLE, BRIDLE, COLLAR and HARNESS Making Business, at No. 79 NORTH SECOND STREET, third door above Arch, where he keeps constantly on hand, an assortment of the above articles, together with Whips, Trunks, &c. which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms, for Cash, or in exchange for Country Produce. Also, Jersey Whips, of superior quality. CHARLES RISDON.

N. B. Ladies and Gentlemen can be accommodated with board at the above place, on reasonable terms. dec. 11—2m

LAND AGENT, Broker and Conveyancer's Office,

No. 7 N. 6th st. a few doors above Market.

THE Subscriber offers his services to his friends and the public in the purchase and sale of Real Estate, and Agency business in general, engrossing of Writings, posting of Books, adjusting the accounts of Executors, Administrators, Assignees, &c. drawing of Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages, Agreements, Bills of Sale, Assignments, Powers of Attorney, Apprentices' Indentures, Articles of Co-partnership, Leases, and all other writings in the line of Conveyancing, procuring and putting out Money on Interest, and discounting Promissory Notes.

Also, Insolvent's Bonds and Petitions carefully and legally drawn, and their business attended to throughout, on advantageous terms; and generally in the performance of all duties or services wherein the aid of an agent or attorney may be convenient or useful.

N. B. A Register is kept expressly for entering Farms, City Property, and Ground Rents, free of expense.

feb. 28—tf CHARLES P. LISLE.

NEW SHOE STORE.

SAMUEL D. BREED & SIMON MUDGE, inform their friends and the public generally, that they have taken the store, No. 246 Market street, where they offer for sale a general assortment of Ladies, Gentlemen's Misses, Boys and Children's Philadelphia made BOOTS and SHOES, of the best workmanship and materials, and respectfully solicit that share of patronage which assiduity and exertions to give satisfaction may merit.

dec 25—1y BREED & MUDGE.

HART & FLANAGAN, PLUMBERS,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public in general that they have taken the shop No. 8 WALNUT-STREET, (near the Wharf,) where they intend carrying on the business in all its various branches, and all orders entrusted to their care will be executed with fidelity and despatch.

N. B.—The business will also be continued at No. 170 Spruce, near Fifth street. jan. 8—4t*

FORTUNE'S HOME FOREVER, No. 129 CHESNUT STREET.

DRAWING of the UNION CANAL LOTTERY, 14th Class—New Series, which took place on Wednesday last in this city. Numbers drawn,

47, 4, 29, 8, 54, 33, 22, 30,

Which gave the Capital Prizes therein to the following Numbers, viz.

	Combination.	Order.	
*25322	22 30 33	6 7 8	—a prize of—$20,000
* 6059	4 54 30	2 6 7	,, 1000
*29368	29 54 33	3 5 6	,, 1000
*11411	8 54 22	4 5 7	,, 1000
*11679	8 54 30	4 5 8	,, 1000
*11390	8 33 22	4 6 7	,, 1000
*11658	8 33 30	4 6 8	,, 1000
*25322	54 33 22	5 6 7	,, 1000
*25343	54 22 30	5 7 8	,, 1000
* 6416	47 4 54	1 2 5	,, 500
*29641	47 29 54	1 3 5	,, 500
*11404	47 8 22	1 4 7	,, 500
*30076	47 54 30	1 5 8	,, 500
*30011	47 33 30	1 6 8	,, 500
* 6008	4 29 33	2 3 6	,, 500
* 5168	4 8 54	2 4 5	,, 500

Besides many other valuable prizes.

* All sold by P. CANFIELD, No. 129 Chesnut street.

The above prizes were sold to sundry persons in whole tickets and shares, and certificates of do. in both city and county.

P. C. has also had the pleasure of paying ONE HALF of the $20,000 prize, and the holders of the Quarter and two Eighths of do. as well as the holders of all the other prizes are requested to call at his office, 129 Chesnut street, and receive their cash for the same, and take a chance for more CAPITAL PRIZES, soon to be drawn. jan 8—tf

MANAGERS' OFFICE, *No. 121 Chesnut-street, Philadelphia.* Union Canal Lottery,

15th Class—New Series.

TO be drawn on Wednesday, the 9th March, 1825, and finished in a few minutes. Sixty numbers—eight ballots to be drawn.

SCHEME:

1	Prize of	$30,000 is	$30,000
1	—	10,000	10,000
2	—	5,000	10,000
2	—	2,128	4,256
20	—	1,000	20,000
30	—	500	15,000
52	—	100	5,200
104	—	50	5,200
1,300	—	16	20,800
10,608	—	8	84,864
12,120	Prizes		$205,320
22,100	Blanks,		
34,220	Tickets, at $6.		$205,320

In this Scheme, with eight drawn ballots, there will be 56 prizes with three Nos on them; 1456 with two Nos. on; and 10608 with one number. Those tickets with none of the drawn Nos. on, being blanks.

To determine the fate of the 34,220 tickets, the 60 numbers will severally be placed in the wheel on the day of the drawing, and eight of them will be drawn; and that ticket having on it as a combination, the 1st, 2d and 3d drawn Nos. will be entitled to $30,000
That having on it the 4th, 5th and 6th, will be entitled to 10,000
Those having on them the 3d, 4th and 5th, and 6th, 7th and 8th, each 5,000
Those having on them the 1st, 6th and 8th, and 1st, 7th and 8th, each 2,128
Those 20 having on them the
2d, 6th and 7th, 3d, 6th and 8th,
2d, 6th and 8th, 3d, 7th and 8th,
2d, 7th and 8th, 4th, 5th and 7th,
3d, 4th and 6th, 4th, 5th and 8th,
3d, 4th and 7th, 4th, 6th and 7th,
3d, 4th and 8th, 4th, 6th and 8th,
3d, 5th and 6th, 4th, 7th and 8th,
3d, 5th and 7th, 5th, 6th and 7th,
3d, 5th and 8th, 5th, 6th and 8th,
3d, 6th and 7th, 5th, 7th and 8th, each 1000
All others (being 30 tickets) having three of the drawn Nos. on them, will each be entitled to 500
The 52 tickets having on them two of the drawn Nos. & those two, the 4th & 5th, will each be entitled to 100
The 104 tickets having on them two of the drawn Nos. and those two, the 6th and 7th, or 6th and 8th, will each be entitled to 50
All others (being 1300) having two of the drawn Nos. on them, will each be entitled to 16
And those having on them any one of the drawn Nos. (being 10608, or 1326 for each drawn No.) will each be entitled to 8

No ticket which shall have drawn a prize of a superior denomination can be entitled to an inferior prize.

Prizes payable 30 days after the drawing, and subject to the usual deduction of fifteen per cent.

☞ A large proportion of this Lottery is put up in parcels of 20 tickets, embracing all the combination Nos. from 1 to 60, which parcels cannot draw less than $64, less the deduction of 15 per cent, with so many chances for the Capital Prizes.

Packages of 20 tickets by certificate, may also be had by the payment of the difference between the price of the tickets and the amount which they must of necessity draw, such difference being $65 60

The tickets will remain at the scheme price, ($6) until Wednesday, the 12th instant, when they will be advanced to $7.

J. B. YATES, A. M'INTYRE, } Managers.
No. 121 Chesnut street.

jan 6—tf

INSOLVENT DEBTORS

FOR the next March Term, can have their Bonds and Final Petitions correctly and legally drawn, and their business attended to throughout, on such terms as may be suitable to the condition of the applicant, at

No 7, North Sixth Street.

jan 11—tf One door below South Alley.

To be Sold, at Private Sale,

A FARM in the Township of Greenwich, County of Gloucester and State of New-Jersey, situate on Clonmell Creek, 13 miles from Camden, 2 miles from the River Delaware; Containing 132 Acres, 30 of Meadow, 3 of Cedar Swamp, 15 Acres of Woodland, and the remainder Arable Land, divided into 5 fields, a two story Brick Dwelling House and Kitchen, two Barns, Cellhouse, with other out Buildings, together with an excellent Apple Orchard. The public Road leading from Paulsborough to Repaupo runs through the premises, and a packet which runs twice a week to Philadelphia in the summer season leaves near the same. Any person wishing to buy will first view the Farm—For further particulars apply to the Subscriber living thereon.

jan. 15—4t* WILLIAM BECKETT.

WRITING, DRAWING, and ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

G. GARTH, respectfully informs Parents and others interested in the education of young persons, that he has commenced teaching the above branches in *distinct classes*. Scholars may be entered for one, or all the branches as most convenient, particular hours being devoted to each subject.

The advantages of this mode of instruction are well known. When the teacher's undivided attention can be devoted to one class, not exceeding twelve, or fifteen, no time is lost, and the progress made by the pupils is surprisingly rapid.

A few vacancies remain to be filled up. For particulars inquire at No. 363 North Third street, between Green and Coates' streets. jan 15—tf

PHILADELPHIA HOTEL,

Corner of Bank Street and Elbow Lane.

J. W. TYLER respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, (after returning his thanks for their former encouragement) that he has taken that large and commodious establishment at the above named place, and has fitted it up in a superior style, for the accommodation and convenience of those who may honour him with their company. His bar is stored with the richest and best Liquors, and by a strict attention to business, he hopes to secure the future encouragement of his friends and the public generally.—Commodious Stabling being attached to his establishment, Travellers will find for convenience and safety the advantage of his accommodations.—Societies, public or private Meetings can have a large and extensive room, which is fitted up expressly for that purpose.

J. W. Tyler respectfully adds that he has made arrangements to accommodate Boarders; the central situation of his establishment is a sufficient recommendation, being in the very centre of business.

oct. 2—tf

Philadelphia Intelligence Office,

No. 7, North Sixth Street,

A FEW DOORS ABOVE MARKET STREET,

PROCURES Houses and parts, Boarders, Clerks, House-keepers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Porters, Bar-keepers, Coachmen, Waiters, Labourers, Seamstresses, Farming-men, Grooms, Cooks and House Servants of every description. Also, Wet Nurses. To Bind, White and Colored Boys and Girls, of different ages. Property to sell or let entered gratis. The above establishment relies on the patronage of the public, and particularly on those in the habit of *employing persons*, whose notice of the same is respectfully solicited; and the proprietor will endeavour, aided by their patronage, to conduct in such a manner as to give universal satisfaction, and make the office worthy of their confidence and support. Persons of every description, having good recommendations or references, will find every facility in *supplying themselves with situations.* feb. 28—tf

Six Cents Reward.

RANAWAY from the Subscriber, living in Marple Township, Delaware County, the 20th of Sept. 1824, an Indented Negro lad, about 17 years of age, named Essex Ales. Whoever takes up said runaway and brings him to the owner, shall receive the above reward, but no charges.

I forbid all persons harbouring or trusting him on my account. DAVID HALL.

jan. 15—3t*

Promissory Notes and Drafts

THAT are negotiable, discounted, and money procured on security. Also, Insolvent's Bonds and final Petitions correctly and legally drawn, and their business attended to throughout, on such terms as may be suitable to the condition of applicants. Apply to

CHARLES M. PAGE,

No. 3 North 6th street, near Market.

Office open every evening until 8 o'clock.

jan. 15—7t

Turning, Machine Making, &c.

JOHN C. KINNAN, respectfully informs the Manufacturers and the public in general, that he has commenced the business of Turning and Machine making, at No. 40, SOUTH THIRD STREET, (Second Story) Philadelphia, where he hopes, by a strict attention, to merit the patronage of a generous public.

Turning in Silver, Steel, Iron, Brass, Ivory and Wood,
Turning Lathes made and repaired,
Billiard Balls of seasoned Ivory,
Ivory Counters, white and coloured,
Ivory Cases for silver Pens,
Ivory Memorandum Books in cases,
Ivory and bone Umbrella and Parasol Mountings,
Steel Nut Picks with ivory handles,
Morocco Balls made and adjusted,
Hose Screws and Engine Work.
Cutlers' Steel, Brass, Ivory and Wood Turning,
Screw Plates, Taps and Dies made and repaired,
Gold & Silver Smith's Turning,
Mill, Ship, and all kinds of heavy Turning,
All sorts of Machinery made and repaired.

☞ Manufacturers are invited to send patterns of such parts of Machinery as they may want, such as Top Rollers, Saddles, Pinion Wheels, Bobbins, Spindles, Fliers, &c. which will be punctually attended to, and delivered to order, at low prices. aug. 28—6m

TOOTH-ACHE

Cured Instantaneously and without Pain, even where all the known applications have failed to afford relief.

S. MILFORD, *Dentist, from London,*

ASSURES those who may be disposed to try his remedy, that he will make a perfect cure, and enable the patient to chew with the teeth that were affected, even though the complaint had been aggravated by bad treatment. In less than forty-eight hours after the pain is cured, Mr. M. can plug the tooth with the greatest ease to the patient. Black and yellow teeth cleaned and brought to their original colour, and prevented from decaying, if it has commenced. He also separates and makes the teeth even, and takes away the decayed parts. Artificial Teeth neatly fixed and Stumps and Teeth extracted.

MILFORD'S TOOTH POWDER. This highly approved and valuable Powder, is excelled by none in use; it not only gives the Teeth an elegant polish but preserves and hardens the gums.—Price 25 cents.

Milford's ANODINE DROPS, for the cure of Tooth-Ache—Price 50 cents. LOTIONS, for the cure of Scorbutic Gums, and to fasten the teeth, and restore the flesh when lost—Price 50 cents. These medicines are warranted efficacious and at the same time innocent; for sale by S. MILFORD, No. 163, South Fifth, near Spruce street. may 18—1y

JONATHAN FELL,

No. 52, South Front St. 4th house below Chesnut,

RESPECTFULLY informs his Customers and the Public generally, that he has now for sale the following Articles of a superior quality, and at the most reduced prices—to wit:

MUSTARD, in Bottles, Canisters and Kegs.
CHOCOLATE, No. 1 and 2, and 1 extra No. 1.
Ground and Race GINGER.
Jamaica and Country CAYENNE and Ground Black PEPPER.

N. B.—Families can obtain any of these articles, by applying as above. jan. 1—6m

Just published, and for Sale, by

ISAAC PUGH, South-East corner of Third and Race sts. "The Knowledge of the Lord, the only True God." To which is added Remarks upon the Doctrine of Perseverance, by JOB SCOTT. Price 25 Cents.

I. P. has also for sale "Salvation by Christ," by Job Scott.

Books & Stationary, suitable for Store keepers, Teachers, &c.——Hanging Paper, a general Assortment for sale, *very cheap.* oct. 23—tf

CHEAP SHOE STORE, NO. 266,

S. E. corner of Market and Eighth streets.

THE Subscriber offers his present stock of Boots and Shoes at the following very low prices, viz:

Gentlemen's best Phila. made Boots,	4 00	to	4 50
Do. do. do. Monroes,	1 50		1 75
Do. do. do. Shoes,	1 25		1 50
Men's do. do. Grain Shoes,	1 00		1 12½
Do. do. do. coarse do.	1 00		1 12½
Boys' Monroes, best quality,	87 1-2		1 25
Do. fine Shoes, do.	87 1-2		1 12½
Do. coarse do.	62 1-2		75
Ladies' Valencia Slippers,	1 00		1 12½
Do. do. Boothcels,	1 25		1 37½
Do. Morocco Slippers,	87		1 12½
Do. do. do. Boothcels,	1 12 1-2		1 25
Do. do. 2d quality,	50		75
Do. fine Leather Shoes,	87 1-2		1 12½
Do. coarse do. do.	75		1 00

With a variety of Misses' and Children's Morocco and Leather Boots and Shoes, equally cheap.

J. MILLMAN.

N. B. A general assortment of Trunks, also very cheap. june 12—6m

CHEAP PAPER WAREHOUSE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general that he has Removed his PAPER WARE-HOUSE to

No. 206 North Third Street,

Where he respectfully solicits a continuance of their favours.

SAMUEL ECKSTEIN.

The highest price given for Rags. jan 8—tf

SALEM BANKING COMPANY.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Directors of the S. M. & Banking Company have this day declared a dividend of *three and a half per cent* on the Capital Stock of this Company for the last six months which will be paid to the Stockholders or their legal representatives, on or after the 10th instant.

By order of the Board of Directors,

WILLIAM MULFORD, Cashier.

Salem, N. J. January 1, 1825.